

# KAMPUS VUE

Vol. 2 No. 12

Fitchburg State College Student Weekly

I may not agree with what you say, but I'll defend to the death your right to say it.

Wednesday, November 27, 1968

## Let Us Give Thanks

As the college closes today in observance of Thanksgiving, we should remember all of the things for which we have to be thankful. The KV staff has compiled this list but each of you can add your own items.

We should be thankful that we live in a country that lets each person give thanks in his own way.

We should be thankful for the privilege of attending college and the freedom to choose our vocation in life.

We should be thankful that we have certain inalienable rights guaranteed to us by our Constitution.

We should be thankful for a democratic system of government which enforces the law protecting the individual's freedoms.

We should be thankful for Old Glory, mother's apple pie and the girl next door.

We should be thankful for being alive to celebrate this Thanksgiving.

There are also some things for which FSC students should be especially thankful.

We should be thankful that the semester is more than half over.

We should be thankful that we have a long weekend to catch up on lost sleep and overdue homework.

The KV staff has one thing to be remembered at Thanksgiving: we have put out twelve issues of the Kampus Vue this semester.

Happy Turkey Day to all!

## UMOC

Support Your  
Ugly Man



Will Fenwicks  
Stay or Fall

- more odorous than the Nashua River
- able to nauseate anything with a single glance
- more disgusting than 3.8 average
- and he's coming to the FSC campus

YEEH! — U. M. O. C.

This is a request of your support for the annual U.M.O.C. contest to be initiated at FSC. Alpha Phi Omega is once again sponsoring an Ugly Man On Campus (UMOC) Contest to pick the ugliest man at FSC. The entire net profit of the campaign is to be donated to a charitable organization.

Judging will be done by the entire FSC community and will consist of placing coins or bills in containers beneath the official candidate photographs which will appear in Thompson Hall and lobby of the science building. Every cent counts one vote. The choice will be left up to the student body.

A plaque will be awarded to the winner. This plaque will remain in the hands of his or her sponsoring group for the remainder of the school year.

There is currently existing on this campus a chance to cast

your vote for revolutionary change. Since time immemorial man has conducted contests to pick the most beautiful members of society.

Well, college students are notably perverse and revolutionary in their ideas and here is the last chance of 1968 to strike a blow for non-support of current societal ideals!

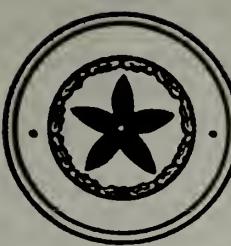
Here is a chance to elect a campus "KING" to vote for your ideal of what should be the ideal of FSC "ugliness". Support your favorite UMOC candidate. Go Ugly and support the local United Fund.

Remember, every penny you cast as a vote is a penny cast toward the fulfillment of giving the underprivileged children of Fitchburg as merry a Christmas as possible. Be revolutionary! Support UMOC and give this campus an ideal, the ideal of UGLINESS.

1 CENT — 1 VOTE

VOTE FOR UGLINESS

GO! U. M. O. C.



## VUE



Highlights  
of  
Senior  
Luau

Oriental fans, leis and crepe paper provided a festive touch to the first senior class function, the Senior Luau. Over 100 seniors were present at the Leominster Elks to partake of Hawaiian cuisine with the aid of chopsticks. Silverware was provided for the less adept.

Officers of the senior class in charge of the event were President John Marion, vice-president Barbara Christopher, Pat Murphy, treasurer, and Barbara Hastings, secretary.

Dancing to the rock sound of the Unconditional Surrender, the seniors presented a strange, colorful picture in muu-muus, flowered shirts and other forms of native attire.

Faculty members present also dressed in the Hawaiian mod. Among the faculty attending the Luau were: Dr. and Mrs. John Nash, Miss Irene Miranda and Mr. J. Walter Richards, senior class sponsors, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Semerjian, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Lindquist and Mrs. Elizabeth Kruczak and her husband.

This was the first of many events planned by the senior class to celebrate their being the 75th graduating class.

## Nursing News — RETREAT ALLOWS EXCHANGE OF IDEAS

by Holly Ann Schoolcraft

On November 13, Mr. and Mrs. William Kelly spoke to the Nursing Club about their two years in the Peace Corp.

After the Kellys received their training in Hawaii, they went to Malaysia. In Malaysia, the Kellys tried to tell the people what the world was like outside their own tribe. If one of the native's own people became educated and tried to change conditions their own people ignore them.

The Kellys told the people that the Malaysia people's government

had sent them. It wasn't until the Kelleys told the people that the Malaysian government was sending them home that they found out that the people really didn't know what the government was. A little girl came up and asked them if they had ever seen the government. The natives thought that the government was a person.

Some of FSC's nurses spent the weekend of November 22-24 at the Cenacle Retreat House in Lancaster, Mass.

Father John Hannah, theo-

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## Sax Anniversary Edition To Be One Of Best

The '69 Sax will be keeping right in step with the gala anniversary year. "Bigger and better" won't even do the yearbook justice.

Editor Nancy King has been working with Jay Sampson, assistant editor, and Charlie Callahan on what should be one of the best Saxes ever published.

Nancy would like to remind the seniors that there are only a couple more weeks left to submit class pictures. Any glossy proofs can be left in her mailbox.

## The Banana In Box 317

by Gerald Croteau

Between classes while the rest of my fellow students study, relax, eat, and gossip, I must play post office and assume the roles of Master Cryptographer, Chief Messenger to the August Administration, Journeyman Locksmith, and Royal Keeper of the Please-Forward Seal. In short I am a mailboy. Oh, the job isn't so bad. It is merely a matter of remembering a few thousand names and the positions of their bearers in the sociological hierarchy of this institution, as well as being able to read minds, Babylonian cuneiform, Old Slavonic and Linear B.

When I unlock the door of the sorting room in the morning, I always know there will be a sack filled with goodies for the faculty's wastepaper baskets. If I have any sense, I grab my notebook and run to an eight o'clock class (any eight o'clock class) as fast as my legs will carry me. But if I don't panic and I don't have a class, I await the sound of the mailcart rumbling along the basement corridor. It reminds me of waiting at Park Street Station for the sound of the Harvard-Ashmont underground, only I am standing in the middle of the tracks. By this time, however, re-enforcements have appeared and I feel slightly calmer. As the rumbling comes nearer I try to remember what day it is, and if it's magazine day, I must again fight off my panic. Apres ca, le deluge; it is time to sort.

From the bottomless mailsacks comes

bundles of first class mail: love letters, hate letters, payrolls, admissions requests, black envelopes with white ink, purple envelopes with green ink, every third one mismarked, insufficiently addressed, and totally illegible. Among these are what I call the starers. I have to stare at them for a few minutes to ascertain exactly to whom they belong. What does a person do with:

Miss Nell Newell  
Secretary to the President  
Thompson Hall

when Miss Newell is the registrar's secretary, and the President's office is in the Administration Building, or:

The Most Beautiful Girl in the New Dorm  
F. S. C.

when you haven't the time to run a beauty contest before the New Dorm delivery, or:

*Mr. Ann Long*

When, like the K.V. staff, you flunked Introduction to Hieroglyphics? Then there is always the envelope marked:

Banana  
Box 317  
F. S. C.

By the time I have deduced that the first envelope is actually slated for the Geo-

Continued on Page Three

# EDITORIALS

## There Were Some Good Things

Last weeks issue of the Kampus Vue, containing numerous references to student grievances and questionings of academic and administrative policies, elicited a variety of comments from the college community.

One of the comments was "Why must the KV always print complaints? Is there nothing GOOD in the world left to print?"

Perhaps it is time for this individual and the many others who feel the same way, to take a subjective look at the KV and thereby discern its objective format.

They should be directed to the articles on four of our students touring Europe as FSC representatives, the Toys for Joy, Canned Food Drive, and UMOC that aid the needy in the city, the educational films being presented, the social activities of the Newman Center and Junior class that attempt to unite the student body, and the sports activities which illustrate our competitive spirit.

Maybe these people feel that if grievances are not stated they will go away, or maybe they don't realize or don't want to realize, that they exist.

Here at FSC we have been fortunate in that there have been no violent marches, sit-ins, and demonstrations that have disrupted our academic pursuits. Instead, we voice our objections and solicit debate and action on them through OUR press, and this press will not sit back and patiently suffer through inadequate policies that CAN be changed.

M.M.D.

## Did You Vote . . .

Election Day is over. People are griping or cheering about the results of the national election. 'Why did this happen to us?' is a question that many people are asking themselves. It's the best thing that could have happened' is usually the response.

Following democratic procedures, balloting occurred on FSC's campus soon after the national election. The balloting was to ensure further democratic activity on campus. It concerned the ratification of the SGA constitution.

From the results of the voting, it can be concluded that less than 1 per cent of the student body cares about ensuring their freedoms. Only 175 votes were cast. Only 175 students bothered to state their views on the proposed SGA constitution by voting to accept or reject it.

A surprising and disturbing aspect of the voting concerned balloting that was carried on simultaneously with the ratification. Freshmen had to vote on whether the Winter Carnival Ball should be formal or semi-formal. 225 freshmen cast ballots for this. This means, as anyone who can do basic math can see, that 50 more students voted for the Carnival than voted on the Constitution ratification.

The SGA Council showed great foresight in not including anything in the Constitution demanding a certain percentage of votes for ratification. With the interest the student body generates, the Council can almost be guaranteed that no student will ever propose amendments since this would require a petition signed by one-third, or over 600 members, of the student body.

Lack of communication is a popular cry on our campus. However, anyone pleading this in the case of the Constitution must wear blinders on campus. The KV publicized the voting, notices were placed in conspicuous places on the bulletin boards and the ballot box was manned for two days in the lobby of Thompson Hall.

## KAMPUS VUE

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## Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor:

On Thursday, November 21, the Freshmen held their first formal class meeting at 1:00 during the all-college period. At this time it was explained to the class that the meeting scheduled on October 31 was called unexpectedly. None of the class officers knew anything about it. As we later found out this meeting was arranged last spring and scheduled to be in the Kampus Vue on October 30. On November 13 a meeting was called by the class officers. Posters were put up in Thompson Hall and the Science Building. We realized that many students had classes at 3:00 when the meeting was supposed to be held. But there were also at least 250 freshmen who were free at this time. Only about 50 people showed up so it was impossible for our president to conduct a formal meeting.

The result of the voting for the Winter Carnival Ball is 160 formal — 76 semi-formal. So the ball will be formal.

I think our greatest problem is lack of communication. No one knows what's going on or when. But everyone should take it on himself to read the bulletin boards. If anything is scheduled in the class it will always be posted in Thompson Hall and the Science Building.

At our meeting on November 21, President, Bob Holzman, told the class about the various committees and their duties for the Winter Carnival Ball. We hope that everyone will help out because this is a "class" activity and the help of all is needed. This is a chance for us to really prove ourselves and show everyone what a great class the freshmen really have.

In response to that letter in the Kampus Vue last week by D. K. I'd like to say that the freshmen class officers DO care. We care about our class, our school, and the attitude of every single student. No one realizes all the hard work that is entailed in planning a Formal Ball. We are certainly doing our very best and we are hoping and expecting the entire class to cooperate with us. Why is it that so many students just don't care? This is your class and your school and you'll get out of it exactly what you put into it. Those who don't care have no right to complain about the way things are run and for those who do care let's get going and keep the freshmen class on the move and on top where it should be!

Class Officers '72  
Pres. Robert Holzman  
Vice-Pres. Susan O'Neil  
Sec. Mary Dwyer  
Treas. Deborah Vallani

Dear Editor:

What are we doing to Progress!

The world is spinning faster than ever before. New ideas and concepts are flowing in a vast ocean, begging to revive knowledge, often lost.

In present school systems, students are pressured into memorizing facts that are more often than not soon forgotten. A definite principle of learning is "Knowledge to be retained is knowledge to be used." And so it is with a new Introduction to Geography professor.

Learning is related to experience. So what is experience if its only source is a text book? Contrary to this idea, this fascinating and progressive teacher encourages his students to experience aspects of geography through outside class observations, from his personal experience abroad, and the text book. Hurray for Progress!

HURRAY FOR DR. CORBIN!

His concerned students

## So I've Heard . . .

## All You Need Is Love

by J. Dignam

The sun was gone now but clouds had come and they kept the heat in. The wind had blown and bunched the leaves along the gutters and clogged the sewer grates. Trees, grey and unadorned like shafts of steel, seemed strange as did the leave drifts in the unseasonal heat. We walked warm, our coats over our arms.

"Somehow it doesn't seem right, Gerde," I said. "Late fall should be cold and bitter. Scarfs, gloves, top collars buttoned. Grey snow clouds building, getting ready for just the right moment.

"Fall I love you!" she shouted, throwing her arms up. "It's still fall whether it's warm or cold, raining or snowing. The autumnal evanescence. She smiled.

"It's not really fall, JoAnn, it can't be, you're still wearing your sneakers."

"I love my sneakers," she said reproachfully. "No coffee for you."

(Music: ten cents a feeling; twenty five cents for melancholia extended! Sinatra swooned softly in the background—a lifting weep. People spoke hushed words. It was like talking at mass, furtively, guiltily.)

A girl in the booth across from me cried quietly to her friend.

"He didn't call. He didn't call."

"Did he say he would?"

She looked insulted, "No. But called every night since we met."

"When was that?" her friend asked comfortingly.

"Last Tuesday." Her wimper turned to sobs.

"Last Tues. . . !"

"That doesn't matter," she cried. "We love each other. That's all that counts. When you know, you know. She flung her fist slamming on the table. Coffee spilt and soaked her friends Hostess Twinkie.

"Oh!"

"I'm sorry."

It lay sopped and sloppy in front of her. "It's ruined. They're really good, you know. I love Twinkies."

"Oh, I don't know, I had a stale one once and . . ."

Softly, "Ralph".

Softer, "Alice."

"Oh Ralph," it came from the booth behind me. I grimaced and bent to my coffee. I knew who had played "The Shadow of Your Smile."

"I love this song. It's so . . . oh, I can't explain it. Do you know what I mean, Ralph?"

"Yes. What shall we do this weekend?"

"I don't know. As long as I'm with . . ."

"We could sit on the rug before the fire when the frost becomes like crystal on the cold window and make hot buttered popcorn."

"I love hot buttered popcorn?" she squealed.

In the effervescence of love, the euphoric bliss emanating, she whispered, "Ralph."

I stared into the black thickness of my coffee. Something was wrong. An inexplicable emotion was being transferred, transgressed and misused (this has definite moralistic overtones). I had to talk this out, I told Brad.

"If something is uncertain talking tends to solidify it. Yet verbalization, especially in indiscriminate application, tends to detract from the purity, the sincerity of the word or emotion," he said.

Right, I felt better. "Let's go to the movies."

"I'd love to," he said.

## Nursing Club

Continued from Page 1  
logian, Mr. Anthony Hecker, and the retreat nuns staffed the weekend. While there, the nurses met with other nurses from Leominster, Worcester City, St. Vincent's and Burbank Hospital to discuss the different courses each was taking along with nursing in general.

Father Hannaha gave lectures throughout the days which were geared to the nursing profession. Folk masses were held. A movie entitled "Inscape" was shown concerning a girl and a boy who were confused about life and who were trying to find out who they were.

Sunday, the nurses made collages based on a theme pertaining to what the weekend meant to them. As soon as dinner was over the nurses left for their various destinations.

## Random Writings

by Joe DeCaria

Hey, all you Flower Children . . . Did you know that one of the earliest love movements was — get ready — Christianity? It was a charitable religion — that is, a religion in which the congregation participated, in the hope of having a genuine religious experience, and experience later called theolepsy, or seized by God. Many of the early Christians did achieve this state, and often; many more achieved it but seldom, and yet kept going back seeking it. And once having experienced it, they were profoundly changed, inwardly gratified, and were obviously content with the Creator.

And you know something? There's not much of a chance that The Man would bust you in church. And it's cheaper than a nickel bag.

Anybody besides me know what kinesthetic perception is? Seeing that some people consider God perfect, or Perfection — Why did he create us? — I'm willing to admit I'm imperfect. Sometimes,

I found a piece of a poem which read;

. . . the souls of all men great  
at times pass through us,  
and we are melted into them, and are not  
save reflexions of their souls.

Thus for a space I am Dante and am  
one Francois Villon, ballard-lord and thief  
or am such holy ones I may not write,  
lest blasphemy be writ against my name;  
this for an instant and the flame is gone . . .  
So cease we from all being from the time,  
and these, the Masters of the Soul, live on.

My question is this — Are we one being, or the sum of the memories of those who passed before us? I think the movie, 2001: A Space Odyssey dealt, in part, with that question.

I also think that it was a fantastic movie — anyone wishing to see it, for the first, or third, time — contact me. I'll gladly go see it again.

## Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor:

There has been a lot of controversy about freshman initiation this year. How tough should it be? How long should it last? Should there be any initiation at all? Concerned with the problem, I have taken my own experiences as well as those of others into consideration, and have stopped to consider: what good is freshman initiation?

Initially, it serves as an introduction between the freshmen and their upperclassmen and among the freshmen and their classmates. The sophomores and juniors get a chance to test the personalities of the newcomers and the freshmen learn what their upperclassmen will be like. Initiation is a time of experimenting with and learning about others and the more chance both the freshmen and the upperclassmen get, the better we get to know each other. In the past, initiation at F.S.C. lasted for two weeks. Consequently, the sophomores and juniors are now very close and seem to feel no age or class difference. This year, because initiation was reduced to four days, many freshmen and upperclassmen still don't know each other, in our dorms and even on our own floors. Cliques or "supper groups" have developed where there were none on the individual floors.

Last year, there was a mandatory freshman dance on the first night and the girls were required to get the names of and dance with ten guys. This was a great device for introducing the freshmen to their classmates. Many more socials followed and each time the newcomers met more new people.

Hazing was a very controversial point this year. Some said it was forbidden completely. Some said a moderate amount of hazing was all right. Still others claimed that there were no restrictions whatsoever. What is wrong with this year's freshmen? If we have been actively involved with other people for twelve or thirteen years and are considered broad-minded enough to be college material, can we be so unable to withstand two weeks of needling from people who went through it a year ago themselves? In a moderate amount, hazing is a good thing. It brings the freshman out of himself a little and makes him lose his inhibitions. In the long run, it creates a more relaxed relationship with the older students with whom he will be living for the next few years.

Also, initiation takes up a lot of the spare time the freshman has in his first week or two, time he would probably spend feeling lonely and homesick. It brings him out of his self-imposed isolation into a group. This year, there was virtually no singling out of individual freshmen and the sophomores were very lenient in their requests. I think they proved that they could be trusted not to overdo the initiation program. I am certain that no sophomores were intent on making the freshmen miserable, and I am sure that next year's sophomores will feel the same way. Provided we are given the chance, we will naturally follow the example set by our upperclassmen. I think it would be in the best interests of the college, the student body as a whole and the incoming freshmen in particular

if initiation were restored in full, for the original two-week period. Initiation develops character, and that is one of the major purposes of a college education.

Another purpose is to meet and learn to understand and know people. There are 561 students in this year's freshman class. I personally know maybe fifty. At class election time, it is not reassuring to realize that there are over 500 people in my class that I do not know. The sophomore class at 482 is not much smaller, yet most of the sophs I have talked to know almost everyone in their class, at least by sight. I think if initiation had lasted the full two weeks, I would know many more of my classmates than I do now.

One last point: I have seen many editorials and letters to the editor in the Kampus Vue, favoring initiation. Is anyone against it? If so, where are they and why don't they speak up? If anyone is against initiation, I would think that it would be a freshman, who has most recently been through it. I am a freshman, I had four days of initiation and I feel cheated. I hope next year's freshmen will not be cheated out of one of the most rewarding experiences of their lives.

A Freshman

Dear Sir:

I wish to protest the suggestion made in last week's Kampus Vue that one of Dr. Dayton Dennett's classes is revolting. On the contrary, I find most of his students to be charming and responsive.

Sincerely yours,  
P. L. '72

Dear Editor:

Last Wednesday, November 20, there were various comments made about an article and a certain letter addressed to you. At least where I was sitting, this was true. My letter involves the letter mentioned.

The letter last week was from a disgusted freshman, I presume, who would like to know exactly what her \$15 (invested in the athletic council) is going towards. Not only did I think this letter was good, but worthy of comment. SOCK IT TO THEM, C.L.! I'd also like to know how my \$15 is spent, and I'm a sophomore.

Reading that letter also brought to mind that physical education IS mandatory — yet there IS an unlimited cut system in effect. Why should we have to go to physical education, but not to our academic courses? It seems rather ironic. Since when is FSC an athletic college?

Will the next step be an extension of two years of mandatory gym, making everyone take gym for a full four years? UGH, at that rate, you can all visit me in that great gym in the sky, for I won't last that long. Why did we come to FSC anyway? I didn't come to wear out my sneakers. (Sneakers squeak and they don't go with any of my clothes — so I have no use for them anyway).

Doesn't anyone else think this ironic too? Aren't you sick of being called apathetic (there's that ugly word again)? Care a little and tell me and others how you feel about the matter.

Anxious to hear,  
B. C. '71

## ATTENTION CLASS OF 1970

CLASS RING ORDERS WILL BE TAKEN ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 2nd IN THE SMALL ROOM, COMMUTERS LOUNGE FROM 9:00 a. m. to 4 p. m. by JOSTIN'S FACTORY REPRESENTATIVE.

A deposit of \$10.00 is suggested to accompany all Ring Orders

## The Banana In Box 317

Continued from Page One

graphy Department, the second for the housemother, the third, for Berkowitz, Bataitis or Mahoney, and the last not for a slendour yellow fruit, it is time for a coffee break. (Since the four of us drink tea, this seems rather inane, but such is life.)

I then return to engage in another round. By the end of the eighth or ninth stack of first class mail, my eyesight begins to fail and I have to fight off the temptation to stamp everything "DECEASED; RETURN TO SENDER." Once I have put off this moment of sadistic plotting, it is time to attack the third class, or as we cheerfully refer to it, the junk mail, all of which is too large to fit in the mailboxes without bending, folding, and mutilating, three quarters of which will soon line the school's wastepaper baskets, one half of which belongs to people no one has ever heard of. These all are invariably addressed by I.B.M. machine who have a built in hatred of postal employees. (Why I.B.M. machines choose to spell "Mazeika" thus Mz&eikru% sometimes eludes me.) If you ever walk by the sorting room and hear shrieks somewhat similar to those of a frustrated hyaena, and the cheerful plinkplunk of cardboard in a hollow cylindrical container, don't be alarmed, it's only we sorting the third class mail.

If I am still alive at this point, I begin to drag in the packages, which must be marked, recorded on package slips or the infamous blackboard, and held. Invariable, the professor who has reported to the Post Office every morning for the past two weeks to see if the package he has ordered has arrived is never seen again after it arrives. And of course there is always the package for Mary Smith of East Cupcake, Nebraska, or one for the Safety Fund National Bank that mysteriously finds its way into the State College Mail sacks. And if life hasn't been interesting enough that morning, there may always be a sinister looking crate of monsters from the friendly neighborhood biological supply house.

While all this madness is taking place, some "sweet young thing" appears at the door every half hour or so. She watches us sort the mail for a few minutes and then asks if the mail is out yet. Of course, she has had to trip over four sacks of unsorted mail to get to the door, but somehow this no impression on her.

With trepidation I then turn to the On-campus mailbox to see what surprises are contained therein. Like Pandora, I am usually very sorry I peeked. There is the envelope marked only "Box 77". This is fine except that there are two people in Box 77 Thompson Hall, two people in Box 77 New Dorm, and a professor in Box 77 Faculty Lounge. Here is where mind reading comes in handy. What else do I find? — Perhaps 350 little slips of paper from some student organization. There is a sign on the wall five feet away stating "Rules for Mass Distribution of Notices by Students and Student Organization," and these violate every rule. But then who would read such a sign, least of all the secretaries of student organizations? I suggested neon but nobody would notice that either. Or perhaps I find a couple of en-

**Campus BARBER SHOP**  
**Happy Thanksgiving**  
**To All!**  
CORNER CEDAR and PEARL Sts.

**Victory Auto Supply**  
**May each and everyone**  
**of you have a Joyous**  
**Thanksgiving Season**  
829 Main St., Fitchburg  
342-9332

velopes marked "Miss Smith," or "Mary," or "Lover."

If I have not committed suicide at this point, I deliver the office mail, a pleasant little task with a few horror shows. But this brief respite is shortlived for I then must put out the Thompson Hall mail. As soon as I have closed the doors and begin the Herculean task of pigeonholing thousands of envelopes in little square boxes, a crowd begins to form beyond the doors. Animal noises and threats of mob violence come from beyond the doors, but I remain calm for I know that there are two inches of solid oak between me and them. Then, of course, the inevitable knock at the door clearly marked "DO NOT ENTER, when these doors are closed." I answer and who is it? You guessed it, another "sweet young thing." "Are you open?" she queries. Like the girl who likes to trip over sacks of unsorted mail, the fact that you have had to unbolt the doors to answer her question has no effect on her brain receptors. Perhaps my logic is faulty, but to me a sign on a locked door that said "DO NOT ENTER" would be obvious enough, but then who am I to say?

Having finished, the cages are locked and the doors are opened. All the poison pen notes from administration, the checks from Mummy, the mush from sweethearts, and the catalogues from Union Carbide are all safely tucked away in the appropriate holes. The New Dorm mail is being distributed by an unsuspecting colleague, to who I have delegated this job in a second moment of sadism. And in come the hordes in choruses of strophe and antistrophe:

Stro: AH! the lazy bum finally wrote!

Anti: I forgot my combination.

Stro: AH! Wait 'til I get my hands on him, he hasn't written in two weeks!

Anti: I forgot my combination.

1 Voice: Package for Cote.

2 Voice: She didn't send me a check.

Stro: She didn't send you your check!

Anti: I forgot my combination.

3 Voice: (heard off-stage approaching the mise-en-scene) Package for Sheep herd. Paque por favor!

Stro: Did you get anything?

Anti: I forgot my combination.

4 Voice: This was in the wrong box.

Me: (shriek falsetto approaching hysteria) It is for the one who shares the box with you.

4 Voice: (embarrassedly) Oh.

5 Voice (shriek of delight, an octave above high C)

6 Voice Is Mrs. St. Laurent here?

Anti and Stro: How come I didn't get any mail today.

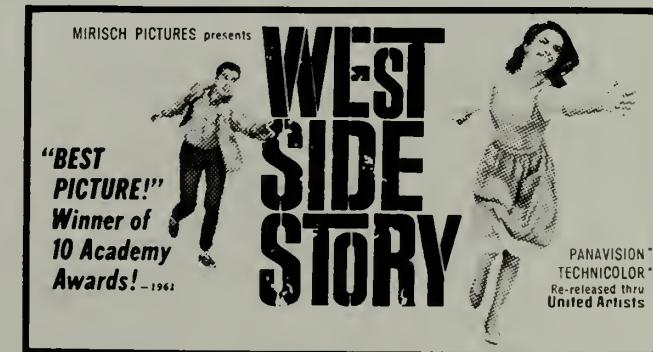
4 Voice: Yea, if I don't get some mail pretty soon I'm going to punch you in the nose. (Suspiciously) are you sure all the mail is out?

Six voices in unison: I lost my combination!

Me: (unceasingly) 3½, 4, 2½, 5, 6, 1½, ½, 9, 1 . . . . .

It is a quarter past twelve now. All is quiet. But at the next change of class the second matinee performance of the Follies Postieres will take place. Cheer up, Jerre, if things get too boring, Christmas is just around the corner, and more cards, letters, packages, confusion, and fun.

## NOW PLAYING



TODAY — 2, 8; WED. Thru SUN. — 2, 5, 8

**SAXON MAIN ST. DI 2-0017**

# MYSTERY FORECASTER

This week's record:

10 CORRECT  
3 INCORRECT

(some of the predictions for this week were inadvertently placed in last week's schedule — sorry about that)

Record so far this year:

66 CORRECT  
38 INCORRECT for a 6.34 average

This week's predictions:

Professional

Philadelphia .....	21	Detroit .....	34
Washington .....	17	Dallas .....	35
Atlanta .....	14	Baltimore .....	35
Chicago .....	24	New Orleans .....	17
Green Bay .....	24	San Francisco .....	28
Los Angeles .....	28	Minnesota .....	14
New York .....	17	Cleveland .....	35
St. Louis .....	21	Pittsburgh .....	10
Buffalo .....	17	Oakland .....	42
Houston .....	24	Kansas City .....	28
Cincinnati .....	21	Boston .....	17
Miami .....	10	New York .....	38
San Diego .....	24	Denver .....	21

The next issue will include the identity of the Mystery Forecaster for 1968 and also his final average.

Final clue: Who else is waiting for spring?

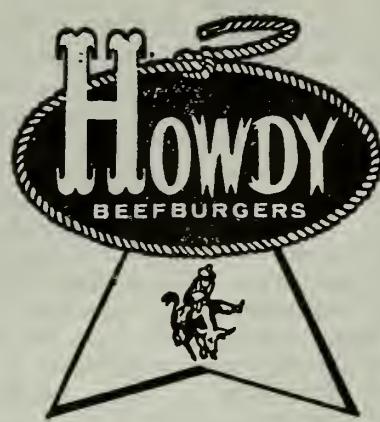
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- All Tips to Bell Boys, Chambermaids, Dining Room Staff
- All Tips to Baggage Porters in Bermuda
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Mrs. Lucille Tucker will accompany the group again this year.

For Best Reference, Ask Any Member of Last Year's Group

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## Basketball Schedule 1968-69

Dec. 2—Plymouth State	A
Dec. 4—Gorham State	A
Dec. 7—Farmington State	H
Dec. 10—Boston State	A
Dec. 14—Eastern Conn. State	H
Dec. 16—Lowell State	A
Dec. 18—Worcester State	H
Jan. 6—Castleton State	H
Jan. 10—Keene State	A
Jan. 25—North Adams State	A
Jan. 28—Worcester State	H
Feb. 1—Salem State	H
Feb. 3—Westfield State	H
Feb. 6—Curry College	H
Feb. 8—Rhode Island College	H
Feb. 12—Lowell State	H
Feb. 14—Keene State	H
Feb. 18—Boston State	H
Feb. 22—Westfield State	A
Feb. 25—Bridgewater State	H



## The Falcon's Nest

by Brad Lawson

In initiating this weekly column I hope to fill the gap that now separates the student body and our varsity teams. By closer coverage of the teams and insight gained from their coaches I hope the column will bring you closer to the varsity sports scene both home and away.

The basketball season will soon be here and for the team it will be a long grind until that last game. Win or lose, any team that puts in the extra hours and effort that our basketball team does deserves good support from the students. An indication of what to expect Coach Cunningham has given me his outlook for the upcoming season.

Gone from last years 7-12 club are co-captains, Gary Nelson and Tom Kirklausas. Nelson, the teams MVP, led the team in scoring with a 22.4 ppg (points per game) average and rebounds with 9.6 a game. Kirklausas averaged 12.1 ppg and grabbed 7.5 rebounds per contest. Also departing were Mike Morrilly, Jack Cunningham, Bruce Fisher, Mark Southworth, and Dave Locke. Returning from last year are Pete Breton, Barry Finneron, Pat Murphy, Don Kelly, Pete Sardelis, and Phil Lagerstrom. Joining the team are junior college transfers 6'6" Jim McCormick from Leicester, and Ken Starrett from Mt. Wachusett C.C. The leading freshman candidates are Maurice Lagasse, Mike Smith, and Steve Finneron all from Fitchburg, and Les Fisher from West Boylston.

The only veteran assured of a starting position is Pete Sardelis. Playing only the last half of the season Pete scored at a 17.5 clip and shot 93% from the foul line. Transfer Jim McCormick has nailed down the center spot and guard Ken Starrett is starting due to his toughness on defense. The forward spot is being battled for by Phil Lagerstrom, Pat Murphy, Mike Smith and Maurice Lagasse. The point position in the coach's offense is a toss-up between Barry Fin-

neron, Les Fisher, and Pete Breton. The additional bench strength is offered by Steve Finneron and Don Kelly in the backcourt, and Dan Lyons up front.

Overall, the Falcons should be an improved team from last season. Although lacking shooters the squad has exhibited a willingness to hustle and to play defense. The major improvement probably comes in the added quality of the bench. Much greater depth is noted this year.

It will take the new Falcons some time to learn Coach Cunningham's offensive and defensive patterns. However the newcomers, once they become familiar with these operations should give good account of themselves around the conference. It should be noted that the majority of the team are freshmen and juniors, thus the future outlook is brighter than ever.

The Falcons will be in their third contest when they reach the home floor. On this night maybe we will see a new looking team and some unusual spirit from the team. Would you like to help? Be there. I predict you won't be at all disappointed.

In my attempt to give the total varsity scene, I shouldn't stop without making public the new club now rolling into athletics at FSC. The FALCON CLUB, formed by our varsity lettermen has covered the first in a series of hurdles that we hope will prove the need and usefulness of such an organization. In the meeting Thursday the constitution committee was further broken down to facilitate better understanding and acceptance by the college. I will say no more than "look out" for you may see evidence of the FALCON CLUB unfold in the very near future. All activities of the club will be announced through this column so to the lettermen be on the watch for the announcement of the first group meeting.

See you next issue! I hope!

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